

THE LEISURE HOUR.

A FAMILY JOURNAL OF INSTRUCTION AND RECREATION.

"BEHOLD IN THESE WHAT LEISURE HOURS DEMAND,—AMUSEMENT AND TRUE KNOWLEDGE HAND IN HAND."—*Cosper.*



MOLLY MARTIN'S LAST REQUEST.

THE RIVAL HEIRS.

CHAPTER X.

It was another wet day when they met next morning at breakfast. Mrs. Cotham, whom time and study had made weatherwise, said it would clear up in the afternoon: till then they had better go up and sit with the squire. He was up and in the porch-room; she thought their coming had done him a world of good; he had not half the frets and tempers he used to have, poor gentleman.

They went up accordingly, and were received with
No. 573.—DECEMBER 20, 1862.

something of the old genial manner of Jervis Maywood's stronger and better days. "Sit down," he said; "but I have bad news for you: I am getting better: the gout is positively going; neither of you will get the estate as soon as you expected; and you may thank yourselves for it, talking and telling tales to the old man, giving him something to think about besides his own fancies and swollen feet: that's what has done the mischief. I'll be keeping you out of Maywood Manor for many a year to come."

"I trust and hope you will, sir," said Miss Westby.
"And so do I," said Lansdale.

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PRICE ONE PENNY.

"Well, you both look sincere, if you are not," said the squire; "but what a dull wet day it is! and I am expecting my lawyer in the afternoon. In all your reading of tales, now, did you ever hear of a man who wanted to make one will and had to make another?"

"I never heard of the like," said Lansdale, with some desire to shine apparent in his manner, for he knew the squire was only quizzing them; "but the question reminds me of a curious tale I heard from a Dublin traveller."

"Out with it," said the squire. "Perhaps one might get a hint from it not to leave property to extravagant young men, likely to marry fashionable expensive flirts, and never be out of trouble."

Lansdale knew he meant Caroline Leicester; but the commercial man could appear unconscious, and at once proceeded with his tale.

THE LOAN OF A LEGACY.

Some thirty years ago, Adam Joyce carried on business as a retail grocer in Thomas Street, Dublin. He was a Quaker of the old school, immovable in his adhesion to thee and thou, uncompromising in his drab coat and broad brim; but those who might have sneered at such peculiarities of speech and costume were ready to overlook, if not to honour them, on account of the sterling worth of the man. Behind his counter and at his scales, Adam was a shining example of those qualities which have secured the Society of Friends so much popular respect in Ireland, where, though the smallest sect as regards numbers, there is none that stands higher in public esteem. His neighbours—Protestant, Catholic, and Jew—would have taken Adam's word in lieu of anybody's oath. The housewives throughout many a street and lane, knew that his goods might be depended on, and had no dread of an overcharge or a light weight. The poor thought their small deposits more secure in his hands than in any savings bank, and the will of which Adam Joyce was executor, was considered the best arrangement a man could make for his family. Adam's name did not stand high in lists of subscription to public charities: the honest man had not made his fortune—perhaps few honest men do. Neither was his benevolence in repute among street beggars; but his poor neighbours were sure of advice and assistance from him, in all times of difficulty or distress; the family or financial troubles of many a customer, kept secret from the friends who shared his Christmas dinner or birthday feast, were confided to Adam Joyce, and from the lanes and alleys in the good grocer's vicinity, he might have raised a considerable following of small tradesmen and poor hard-working widows, who looked to him as the encourager of their industry and the chief of their well-doing.

In the latter class of Adam's clients, there was none that sounded his praise louder, nor was believed to have profited more by his help and counsel, than Molly Martin. Molly's husband, a poor cobbler, with no property but his stall and skill in repairing old shoes, which was somewhat notable in his locality, had died almost twenty years before the time of our story, leaving her a widow without friends or relations—for they had come strangers to Dublin from one of the northern counties—and three little boys, the eldest of whom was in his seventh year. The family had been among Adam's humblest customers, and, knowing their honest character, he had taken an interest in the widow and her orphans, encouraged poor Molly to set up as a laundress, lent her money to purchase the necessary apparatus, found light work and errands for her little boys, saw that they went regularly

to the church and the Sunday school, and banked the family savings with more than legal interest. Being so helped, the Martins also helped themselves. A visitation of the typhus fever, indeed, made the household smaller, by taking the two youngest boys from the cares and troubles of this world, but the eldest had grown up a steady industrious young man, had adopted his father's trade, and was now engaged in repairing old shoes, to the great satisfaction of all his neighbours in Meath Street. The family prosperity did not end at this point. Molly had washed, clear-starched, and ironed to such good purpose, that not only was the grocer's loan repaid long ago, but she was known to be in possession of more money than any laundress in the Liberties.

These good things did not come without heavy drawbacks. In the long years of working and saving, the same thing had happened to Molly Martin, which has occurred to many a larger winner; the love of getting and gathering had got into her heart, the economy which had once been a necessity became a habit and a desire, and the farthings which had been hoarded when there was no other capital, were now added to the hidden treasure, which, unwilling to trust even in the hands of her best friend, Molly kept in a tin canister carefully concealed at the bottom of an old chest. All her gatherings were to be left to her son Jack; but, steady and industrious as he was, and partly aware of the intended heritage, the young cobbler contrived to forfeit it, like many a man of higher pretensions, for the sake of a pretty girl. Rose Connor and he got acquainted somehow, at a neighbour's wedding. Mrs. Martin did not like Rose, chiefly because she wore a very brilliant print, and was believed to spend all her wages—for Rose was a servant maid—between dressing herself and assisting a married sister with a very large family. Rose, on her side, found out that Molly was a skinflint, and made a salt herring serve for a week; she was also guilty of laughing at the widow's patched cap and more than threadbare gown. These were the first causes of quarrel; but as the young people continued to keep company in spite of all the tales to Rose's disadvantage which Mrs. Martin could collect, the war became fiercer every day, and when at last they ran away and got married, Molly made a solemn vow never to receive or acknowledge her son more; in consequence of which the elder and younger branches of the family occupied separate dwellings, but unfortunately in the same street, which enabled the two women to renew the long-drawn battle at intervals, and prevented any chance of reconciliation between Jack and his mother. Their common friend, Adam Joyce, in vain advised and exhorted them to make peace. On either side offences had been given and taken. Each had a recital of wrongs ready at every admonition. A yearly increasing number of grandchildren was not sufficient to bring the mother-in-law to terms; Rose stood high on the right of a wife to be agreed with under all circumstances, and between hard work, poverty, and the stormy encounters of his spouse and mother, Jack's neighbours had reason to wonder at the cheerful spirit and contented look with which he plied last and awl, discussed the news with his customers, or hummed an old song to himself.

Things had continued in this state for years. The breach between the young people and the old woman could not be made wider. The latter had gone on adding to the contents of her tin canister, and doing her laundress duties with a vigour and activity which showed no signs of failure till she was upwards of seventy. Then the hardy constitution suddenly gave way, under the pressure of a severe winter and her penurious habits. When carrying home the linen to her various employers

one bitter evening, Molly caught cold. In the progress of her illness she would neither send for a doctor nor afford herself necessary comforts, till the cold turned to inflammation of the lungs, and the medical man, to whom she applied at last, had no hope of her recovery. Molly Martin was about to close her account on earth, and leave all her gatherings behind. The treasured canister must now descend to her disobedient son, and become the prey of her hated daughter-in-law. The bitterness of female quarrels has been celebrated in song and story, and not without reason. Even the approach of the king of terrors was not sufficient to reconcile Molly to the last-named condition. She said she was content to die, if that was the Lord's will; notwithstanding her love of money, the woman was sensible, and fancied herself religious: but to think of Rose Connor spending her hard earnings in folly and finery, Molly averred she could not rest in her grave with such goings on above ground, and took a fixed resolution to prevent their occurrence.

As the only man on whom she could depend to carry out her last wishes, if he could only be induced to promise it, the old woman in her extremity sent for Adam Joyce, and, having taken due precaution to send out the poor girl engaged to wait upon her, revealed to him the existence of the tin canister, the place of its concealment, and the fact that on her last reckoning it contained one hundred and twenty-five pounds, fifteen shillings and fivepence three farthings.

"It's a long job to count it, sir," said Molly. "There's notes and gold, silver of all sizes, and a good deal of copper, just as I got it. It's all honestly earned and carefully saved; it might be useful to Jack if he had sense to take care of it, and was not married to that woman; but Mr. Joyce, he's a little bit fond of company and sight-seeing; if he gets so much money into his hands he'll think there'll never be an end to it: it will take him off his business, may besend him astray entirely. And think of Rose Connor, that behaved so badly to me, buying muslin gowns and fine bonnets with the money I washed and scrubbed for. Mr. Joyce, I can't bear the thought of it, and I won't die in peace, except you bury the canister in the coffin with me, or take it, every farthing, with my blessing, to yourself."

Against this extraordinary arrangement of her worldly affairs, the honest Quaker reasoned with all his powers, assuring Molly that he did not want her money; that, to bury in the grave with her what might be useful to the living, and could not serve the dead, would be foolish as well as sinful; that her son, whatever were his own or his wife's faults, had a family to provide for, and was the natural heir of all she had to leave. To these arguments the old woman would scarcely listen. When she did, it was only to return with renewed zeal to the excellent use Mr. Joyce would make of her legacy, the temptations it would cast in her son's way, and, above all, the terrible idea of Rose Connor spending what she had earned and saved. That thought was the chief terror of Mrs. Martin's death-bed. In an evil hour for both parties, Rose had proved the unruly membership of the tongue, by expressing her hopes on the subject to some of her neighbours, who in their turn allowed the fact to come to Molly's ears; and now it weighed on her failing mind, to the exclusion of every other consideration. The parish clergyman, who happened to visit her at the same time—for Molly was a Protestant—in vain exhorted her to think of her eternal interests; to nothing spiritual or temporal would the old woman attend, till Adam Joyce promised to fulfil her last request touching the canister.

Adam was a man who never dreaded misconstruc-

tion, nor feared to overstep rule and custom when the occasion demanded it. His acquaintance with the family had shown him that Molly's suspicions of the legacy proving too much for her son's sense, were not ill-founded. Though honest and industrious, the young couple were not remarkable for prudence, and it was his duty to relieve the dying woman's mind.

"Molly Martin," said he, "since I cannot serve thee otherwise in this matter, I promise thee that neither Rose Connor nor thy son shall spend thy money foolishly if I can prevent it."

Perfectly satisfied that Adam would keep his pledged word to the letter, the old woman bestowed upon him a shower of good wishes and blessings, acknowledged his kindness to her and hers, and once more requested him to take the money; but Adam, telling her that her earthly affairs being now settled, she should attend to those which concerned her soul, went his way; and it is to be hoped the poor woman profited by that parting advice, for within the same week the neighbours who had known and respected Molly Martin, notwithstanding her penurious ways, followed her coffin to a humble grave.

Molly's son was among the mourners; he had sought and obtained reconciliation with his mother almost at her last hour, and he was aware of the fact, which was the topic of the day in Meath Street, namely, that the tin canister, which used to be the receptacle of all Molly's gatherings, had been put into her coffin just before it was screwed down, by Adam Joyce, in fulfilment of her solemn request. The grave is peculiarly sacred in the eyes of Irish peasants, or Molly's resting-place would not have remained undisturbed after the circulation of that tale, with all additional estimates and conjectures regarding the amount of treasure buried there. Rose was deeply disappointed, and, it must be confessed, did not speak in honour of her mother-in-law's memory; but honest Jack said the old woman had a right to take her own with her if that was her will, and he knew Mr. Joyce would not have put money past a poor family if he could have helped it. The poor cobbler and the well-to-do grocer were therefore as friendly as ever. Jack went with his small custom to the shop; Adam took quiet opportunities to inquire after the welfare of his family and the prosperity of his business; and, on one of those occasions, learned that Jack had advanced a step in trade by actually making a pair of those rough shoes known in Ireland as brogues, for a certain carman of his acquaintance, who had pronounced them the best he ever wore.

"Then, Jack, I advise thee to make some more in thy leisure hours; thou mightst sell them in thy stall and make a better trade," said Adam.

"I would try it, sir, but leather's so dear; they charge me as much for bits and scraps in Back Lane as swallows the profit entirely."

"Thou shouldst buy a hide or so at wholesale price."

"There's no buying without money, sir, and that's uncommon scarce in our house."

"Suppose I lend thee five pounds, Jack," said his kindly counsellor; "thou canst pay it back as the brogues are sold, and nobody need be the wiser."

Jack accepted the offer with great joy and gratitude. The leather was bought, the brogues were made, and, with the help of the carman's testimony, were sold well and rapidly. Before the summer ended, Adam was repaid his five pounds, and Jack Martin had got a nice business established. On their next conference he happened to mention to the grocer a successful attempt to make shoes of a finer quality.

"Why dost thou not buy some better leather? I know it is dearer, but finer shoes would bring thee larger

profits; thou hast paid me the five: suppose I lend thee ten pounds more?" said Adam.

Jack's thanks and blessings had to be cut short that night, with the assurance that money was only for turning, and his friend expected to be paid. Another supply of leather was purchased; Jack succeeded in the manufacture of ladies' boots and slippers, to the admiration of all Meath Street, and the boundless pride of Rose. She knew that Mr. Joyce had lent the money, and, as it had to be repaid, there was no finery wanted; she mended the children's clothes, kept the house on the smallest outlay, and, in short, did everything in her power to help Jack out of debt and into business. When the ten pounds were repaid, Adam advised him to take a small shop, and lent him a capital of twenty pounds to begin with. Jack ventured on the speculation at first with some fear, but he had the grocer's counsel as well as his loan, and success followed him.

Time went on; loan after loan had been borrowed and repaid; the cobbler's stall, and two little rooms by way of dwelling, had given place to a respectable house in Thomas Street, where the family lived and kept a shoe-shop, with a particularly high repute for cheap and durable goods. It was just seven years since Molly Martin died, and, as Rose was accustomed to remark, took her money with her to the grave; but Adam Joyce had lent them the largest sum they ever borrowed, in the preceding year, and now they were able to repay it with interest—the honest couple insisted on that—and he had come to take tea with them in a friendly way, and be paid in the back parlour. Rose was there in the clean cap and brown stuff gown she kept for Sundays, brilliant prints having been found unprofitable and troublesome long ago. The seven children were there also—Adam knew them all, for they passed his shop to school. Tea was over, with all its accompanying good things, and the solemnity of the evening commenced by honest Jack, his face radiant with the grandeur of the occasion, bringing out of his strong-box an equally substantial pocket-book, and carefully counting before Mr. Joyce one hundred and twenty-five pounds in Bank of Ireland notes.

"That's your money, sir; take it with my blessing, and the blessing of all my family; under Providence, you have been the making of us; and here's six pounds and five shillings of interest, which we can pay very well;" and Jack deposited that also on the table.

"Well, friend, I am glad thou canst pay it," said Adam Joyce, without touching the notes, "particularly as this money happens to be thine own. There are fifteen shillings and fivepence three farthings," he continued, taking out of his pocket the coin wrapped in paper, and counting it out beside the notes; "which makes up the whole contents of that tin canister I emptied into the pocket of my great-coat when nobody was by, and afterwards put into thy mother's coffin. The use thou wouldst make of the money sorely troubled her mind till I made her that promise, which has been kept, to my thinking, in the best manner. Take up thy notes again, honest Jack; thou and thy family have served an apprenticeship to prosperity, and will not be overbalanced by it now, as might have happened had it come suddenly into thy hands seven years ago. Let me tell thee, friend, it would have been better for many a man of greater riches if, instead of inheriting, he had in the same manner got the loan of a legacy."

"A very good story," said the squire. "Adam was a shrewd and a kind man, for he arranged both to save the money, and to carry out the old woman's dying wishes as to keeping temptation from her son."

KING CANUTE AND HIS BODY-GUARDS.

THE gratification we derive from history rests upon the comparison thereby suggested between the manners, customs, and policy of another, and those of our own era. Roughness and want of refinement in the habits and enjoyments of our ancestors were often combined with manly independence, sound judgment, and a clever and subtle policy. King Canute the Dane will furnish us with an example of this assertion.

Soon after his coronation, which took place at London, in the beginning of the year 1017, he established a body-guard of well-paid warriors, in which both Angles—the descendants of the Anglo-Saxon invaders—and Danes were enlisted. Their Danish name was *Thingmanlid*; that is, either thingmen—members of the same jurisdictional district—or knights, according to the dubious derivation of the first part of the word, from "thing," or from "tign," excellence, and "thegn," a nobleman. Another name was "huskarle"—that means, stout fellows of the house. Their whole number is variously reported: by some chroniclers, three thousand; by others, even as high as the double of that number—viz., six thousand men. Their employment was, in summer, to go out in bodies to execute the king's orders in all parts of his realms. In winter they were distributed through England, and quartered in the houses of the inhabitants—unwelcome, troublesome, covetous guests, not unfrequently the disturbers of family peace. People were used to stand still and greet them submissively, wherever these guards were seen in a street, or rode in troops through the country. Six years after Canute's death, in the year 1041, the city of Worcester was plundered and burnt to ashes, on account of two guardsmen having been assassinated.

At their enlistment they had to pledge their faithful, punctual obedience in carrying out the royal orders, and received the counter-promise, that they should be treated with mildness and justice, and have their monthly payments punctually. Whoever wished to leave the service, had to give notice, through the mouth of two of his comrades, on New Year's Eve. It is a matter of course, that such a host of Danes, intermixed with adventurers of all nations, must have been kept under severe rule and discipline, and that unalterable regulations must have been made for their enlistment, maintenance, and dismissal. However, the position which Canute personally assumed in relation to this homeguard is highly characteristic and significant. According to the advice of the experienced Opi, from Zealand, and his son, Eskil, he enacted a court and camp law (*lex curie, lex castrensis*—Danish, *Witherlageret*), which contained not only the penalties for trespasses of every degree, but established at the same time the right of every guardsman to be tried by his own comrades only. This law was not written down at the time; but the eminent Archbishop Absalon of Denmark (d. 1201), in whose lifetime the law was still in vigour in his country, caused the heads of it to be set down in a summary written in his vernacular Danish. Faithful copies of this precious little summary have been preserved to this very day; and Saxo Grammaticus, a contemporaneous Danish historian (d. 1208), gives such a careful and circumstantial account of the whole establishment, that one cannot help observing, he knew fully well to appreciate the historical importance of what was founded and strengthened by legislation so close to the confines of the heathenish era.

The legal penalties were a lower seat at the common meals and festivals, simple dismission, and expulsion from the service, the latter being aggravated by exile and for-

feiture of landed property. Any fugitive who happened to be met with in the country again, forfeited his life. Condemnation was pronounced in the following cases. Each of the fellows had his place at the dinner-table allotted according to seniority. If one of them by his service happened to be delayed, those who sat below him were obliged to move one seat down, to make room for him, and that man who sat on the lowest seat to stand up, in case all places were occupied. If any one who, by this rule, was bound to leave the table, spitefully kept his seat, and the offended comrade proved the fact through two witnesses, who had taken an oath upon relics before the court of his fellows, dismission from the service was the penalty. The king, however, could three times abate it to putting the offender only one seat lower. But the fourth time the king himself could only give him leave to remain in the hall, not at the table with the other guardsmen, who exposed themselves to no penalty by thrusting bones upon him; and if afterwards even the king placed him close to his own person, he had forfeited his right of fellowship, from which the verdict of the corporation excluded irrevocably. Part of the men had horses. No squires or pages being yet introduced, they had to render mutual services to each other. The foot soldiers had in turn to take their share in attending the horses, one rider to take the other's steed to water. There were minute regulations for the due performance of all these duties, certain penalties laid down for every trespass, and the forms of evidence rendered strict in due ratio to its gravity. But offences committed sword in hand, or even worse, with a stick against the person of a fellow, could not be atoned for by any penalty. As soon as the fact was proved through two witnesses, or if, in default of witnesses, the defendant could not exculpate himself through the oath of six of his fellows, he was to be called a knave (*nithingah* in ancient Danish), and had to quit all the realms over which King Canute was the ruler. Such was the law of the body-guard. In civil and penal matters the soldiers had to sue and to be sued according to the common law of their country. Such seems at least to have been their position in Denmark in the twelfth century. With regard to England and King Canute's time, no evidence is forthcoming from which their legal relations to his civil subjects can be traced.

It happened, however, that Canute, before he made his pilgrimage to Rome, was the first trespasser of his own enactments. Roused to a passion, he killed a man of his body-guard. He called a meeting forthwith, left his elevated seat of honour, prostrated himself at the feet of the judges, and supplicated for his verdict. The thingmen, in due respect for the necessary honour of royalty, pronounced impunity, and conducted the king back to his seat. The king, however, fined himself to the ninefold amount, and paid, instead of the legal penalty of forty, three hundred and sixty marks in silver, and besides, an additional fine of nine marks gold, one third of which was due to the king, the second to the guardsmen, and the third to the relations of the killed man. The king, however, gave his share to the churches and the poor.

It is in the interests of royalty to pay homage to justice, and Canute the Dane was keenly alive to this element of kingcraft.

LAMPS AND LAMP FLUIDS.

In all ages some means have had to be devised for producing artificial light; and for the most part lamps, under one or another of their numerous modifications, have been adopted. A lamp, in its simplest aspect, is one of

the most simple of all simple things. A wick, up which the combustible fluid ascends, and a receptacle to hold the latter, together constitute a lamp. But, contemplating with philosophic mind a simple apparatus like this, we soon find it to be defective in one essential particular: the air can only touch the cone of burning materials on the outside. The wick permits no central combustion, and evolves no central light. Monsieur Argand devised an ingenious modification. He constructed the wick hollow, in such manner that the air should be able to pass up centrally, as well as on the outside. What the result of this modification is, we most of us know; inasmuch as all modern sitting-room lamps are now constructed on this principle, variously modified indeed, according to the necessities imposed by the use of different lamp fluids.

In regard to these fluids, they all—prior to the last few years—were either spirit of wine, wood naphtha, or one of the numerous tribe of fixed or true oils; the two former being employed when intense heat, regardless of illuminating power, was demanded; the latter, as the food of our illuminative or domestic lamps. Prior to the last few years, also, a certain class of accidents, now unfortunately common enough and frequently fatal, was unknown. Whilst the old-fashioned, or real oils, continued to be exclusively used for purposes of lamp illumination, lamps were never known to explode. Are people of to-day more careless in the management of lamps than people of twenty years ago? or is there something in the nature of modern illuminative fluids provocative of explosion? Perhaps a slight review of the nature of oils that really are oils, and fluids known in commerce under the designation of oils, but to which chemists refuse the oily character and dignity, may furnish the answer to our query.

If we take a cursory glance at all illuminative lamps, it will soon be found that, by whatever name they are known, the primary division may be established, of those adapted to the burning of real or old-fashioned oils, and those designed to promote the combustion of certain liquids, many of which are indeed called oils in commercial language, but which, chemically speaking, have no claim to that designation. The results of a very masterly course of experiments, conducted by the celebrated French chemist Monsieur Chevreul, furnish the lover of precision in scientific language with an unerring characteristic of a true oil. From whatever source a true oil may be obtained, its general nature never varies; being constituted of one or more fatty acids in union with the peculiar sweet liquid, now somewhat popularized, called "glycerine." The distinction between an oil and a fat, it may be further noted, is purely arbitrary and conventional. If the compound of glycerine and fatty acid or acids be solid at ordinary temperatures, then the designation "fat" is commonly, but not invariably, applied to it. If, on the other hand, the compound be fluid at ordinary temperatures, then is it commonly designated an oil.

Real oils—oils, that is to say, in the chemical acceptance of the word—are obtained from the animal and vegetable kingdoms exclusively: never from the mineral kingdom. This is a somewhat important fact to remember—not important in a mere scientific sense, but practically. The issue of life or death may turn upon a full recognition of the difference subsisting between a real oil, and one of the so-called oils of mineral origin. The so-called mineral oils are not oils in any chemical sense, because they neither contain the sweet material "glycerine," nor a fatty acid. Some of them are what is popularly termed "oily" to the touch; and hence, on

account of that characteristic, they may be employed for purposes of lubrication. One at least is—more likely several are—solid at ordinary temperatures, and are something like white wax in appearance, but every way more beautiful. It is to these waxy looking hydrocarbons that the term paraffine is rightly, in other words chemically, applied. At present very beautiful candles are manufactured out of these solid hydrocarbons, and under the proper designation of "paraffine" candles may be purchased.

As so much has been said and written of late concerning the danger of explosion to be apprehended from paraffine oils, let no one entertain fear lest he be blown up by a paraffine candle. Such a result would be a simple impossibility. Real paraffine, that is to say, the waxy looking hydrocarbon out of which candles are made, is not a volatile body at common temperatures, and for this reason can never, in the most incautious hands, furnish the means of an explosion. If real or solid paraffine be innocent of the power of giving rise to the explosive catastrophes with the accounts of which newspapers have been of late so rife, it is not so with many of the fluids known in commerce under the general designation of "paraffine oil." The chemist knows of no such fluid as paraffine oil. It is a term invented by men of commerce, who are responsible for the looseness of ideas to which it gives rise. As certain of the hydrocarbons resemble true oils so completely to the touch, that they may be substituted for the latter as lubricating agents, and as, proceeding downwards in the cohesive scale, other hydrocarbons present many of the physical characteristics of wax or hard fat, so, proceeding in the opposite direction, we find liquids of extreme volatility and great attenuation. And now comes a most important point for consideration. Just as a real oil may be too thick for rising up the capillary mesh-work of a lamp wick, so many a fluid called oil, by courtesy and commercial usage, is chemically a hydrocarbon. Any of these newly adopted illuminative fluids, to burn conveniently in a lamp, must be endowed with a certain fluidity; but now mark an important point, which is this: just as fluidity increases, so, for the class of compounds under consideration, does volatility. In proportion as volatility increases, so does the tendency to evolve vapour. In proportion as vapour is evolved, so is the tendency to beget what may be called, aptly enough, domestic fire-damp! The latter gas being once generated, explosion is imminent, and as the record of the proceedings of certain late coroners' inquests have shown, the result of explosions of such domestic fire-damp is usually death.

The explanation of the reason why old-fashioned oil lamps, consuming old-fashioned or real oils, never explode, never *can* explode, is now simple. No real oil is sufficiently volatile to evaporate spontaneously at ordinary temperatures. However much, consequently, an oil may be exposed, it can never generate fire-damp. How little common or real oils tend to volatilize may be gathered from the consideration that none of them can burn without a wick. Many of the oils improperly so called, the illuminative hydrocarbons, that is to say, can burn without a wick readily. Turpentine, a true hydrocarbon, is in this category; and here the reader had better be informed that although no oil proper is ever evolved from the mineral kingdom, being produced from either animal or vegetable bodies, yet the sources of hydrocarbons are less circumscribed. The greater number of hydrocarbons now used for illuminative purposes are either distilled from liquids given forth from the earth in many parts of the world, or else

produced artificially by the slow distillation of coal or shale; but turpentine has a vegetable origin, as most persons know, and under the designation of "camphine," turpentine was once extensively employed for illuminative purposes. Several of the mineral hydrocarbons are considerably more volatile than turpentine—some of them even so volatile that they can be consumed in wickless lamps. One and all of the hydrocarbons having this property are dangerous, and for domestic illumination should never be employed.

If only the danger of certain of these liquid hydrocarbons could be obviated, (and the least volatile of them are not dangerous,) they would be preferable to true oils for illuminative purposes, as holding proportionately more carbon. All persons who have witnessed the experiment of igniting a little turpentine, must have remarked the enormous quantity of soot evolved. This soot is carbon; and carbon is the sole illuminative material of lamp fluids. To get light, however, out of carbon, the material must be burned; and the perfect combustion of liquid hydrocarbons can only be accomplished by lamps of peculiar construction, differing somewhat in their modifications, but all constructed on the principle of furnishing to the burning matter large volumes of atmospheric air.

Though the light evolved by the combustion of purified turpentine, in other words camphine, is very splendid, the many dangers attendant upon the use of that highly volatile and inflammable liquid proved a great drawback to the extended use of camphine lamps. Presently, however, several new sources of hydrocarbon liquids were discovered, and the tribe of hydrocarbon lamps became speedily popularized. Though obtained from various localities, and from various raw materials, most, if not all of the illuminative hydrocarbons now employed may be ultimately referred to the earth. Some are obtained from pit coal or shale by a process of slow distillation, and some exude either in natural springs, or into wells dug to receive them. In either case the materials are ultimately referable to some natural change equivalent to distillation, effected in animal or vegetable matters capable of yielding it. Naphtha springs, as they are called, were known to the fire-worshippers of Persia at periods of great antiquity, and turned to account by these pagans for feeding the sacred flames of their temples. Evolutions from the soil of colourless hydrocarbons, are, however, rare. Far more generally they are evolved under the aspect of thick tarry matter, containing numerous hydrocarbons, each of which possesses a specific volatility. Messrs. Price and Company, the celebrated candle-makers, have for some years past imported large quantities of rough hydrocarbon from Burmah. The raw material is pumped out of wells just like water, and brought to this country in large iron tanks. The Messrs. Price subject it to a succession of distillatory processes, the temperature of each succeeding distillation rising higher and higher. Necessarily the more volatile liquids of the series come over first—far too volatile to be employed with any sufficient degree of safety in lamps; next follow the mineral lamp and illuminative "oils," (wrongly so called,) and last of all, under very peculiar distillatory treatment unnecessary to describe here, the white solid beautiful paraffine, the material out of which paraffine candles are made.

The Burmese springs have lost much of their commercial celebrity since the discovery of similar raw produce in Canada, and various northern parts of the United States. Hydrocarbons, however, thus naturally produced, have to enter into brisk competition with others artificially produced by the slow distillation of coal and shale.

From what has been already stated, the fact will, it is hoped, have been conveyed, that liquid hydrocarbon, or mineral oil, as it is popularly called, may with great propriety and advantage be substituted as an illuminative agent for real oil, provided only care has been taken in conducting the distillatory process. Contrary to a very prevalent opinion, it does not in the least signify from what particular source a hydrocarbon has been obtained—whether from the Burmese or American springs, or, lastly, whether produced artificially from pit coal or shale. From one and all, dangerous hydrocarbons may be evolved; from one and all, safe hydrocarbons. In the present transition state, when real-oil lamps are gone out, and pseudo-oil lamps are coming in, it would be highly desirable to establish some popular method of discrimination between the innocent and the dangerous ones. Unfortunately no such popular test has yet been devised—none, more properly speaking, that answers completely. Of one thing be sure, and it is this: If any hydrocarbon, no matter by what name called or from what source obtained—if any hydrocarbon be found endowed with the dangerous function of ability to burn without a wick, its employment for purposes of domestic illumination should be absolutely prohibited. Not quite so certain is it whether a hydrocarbon may be incapable of burning without a wick, and nevertheless be dangerous.

Finally, one precept of safety and consolation may be given. Perhaps even the most confessedly dangerous of all the illuminative hydrocarbons sold, admits of safe use under careful treatment. It is well, therefore, to treat all of them with the same amount of care that we should extend to a liquid confessedly dangerous. Let the liquid always be stored away in a cool place. Never bring a vessel containing it into a room in which there is a flame or fire; and lastly, never pour even the most confessedly innocent of these liquids into a lamp that has become sensibly warm.

Most of the table-lamps in common use are modifications of the Argand lamp, the principle of which is the hollow ring of wick, through which the air is supplied to the centre of the flame. The supply of air is increased by the current caused by the open-bottomed cylindrical glass chimney. In the Carcel, Moderator, and other mechanical lamps, the oil, instead of being merely sucked up by the wick (by capillary attraction), is driven up by self-acting machines from the reservoir in the pedestal, thereby securing an equable supply of oil. In the Solar lamp the wick is thicker than in the ordinary Argand lamp, and a greater supply of oxygen is secured by means of apertures in the sides of the lamp, and a cap with a deflector, so as to force the two currents of air to impinge on each other.

On the whole, the most convenient lamp, though not the most economical, is the Moderator. Using Colza oil, (a purified rape oil or sweet oil of oilmen), the cost of this lamp should be only one half of that of Palmer's or Price's candles, for the same amount of light. But usually this lamp is burned at a height giving far greater light, and hence it appears to be dearer. The same amount of light from wax candles would cost nearly four times as much, and from spermaceti not much less. From coal gas, the same illumination, even at London prices, would be procured at a third of the cost.

THE CADNAM OAK.

"Of course you have seen the Cadnam oak, sir?"

"No, I have not," I replied; "is there anything remarkable about it?"

"Oh yes, sir. It always comes into leaf on old Christmas Day. I've gathered leaves myself from the oak on old Christmas Day, and know, therefore, it does produce leaves then; and quantities of people go to see it, and my husband, as well as myself, has gathered them."

"Well," I interposed, "your tale seems to be authentic, and I shall inquire further into the matter." Nevertheless, I said this more in doubt than belief as to the result, partly because I am naturally incredulous, and partly because my informant had not long previously shown me some small shells, taken from the bed of a little stream that runs through the New Forest, which, she told me, belonged to the time of "the delusion"—(whatever that might be)—a remark that caused me to think it possible that she was given to a belief in delusions. However, on my return to Cadnam, my first proceeding was to set about making inquiries with reference to the wonderful oak.

I was told that numerous visitors came at Christmas time, taking away not only leaves, but pieces of the tree, to get made into snuff-boxes and other relics. Sometimes the neighbouring cottagers, I was told, pick the leaves long before, and preserve them, and when they climb the tree to pull some for the visitors, the old leaves are brought slyly out of the pocket, and presented as being newly pulled. The leaves are always, my informant confessed, "floe and droopy-like." All this seemed suggestive of "tricks upon travellers," and I rather suspected my Cadnam friends of being "more rogues than fools."

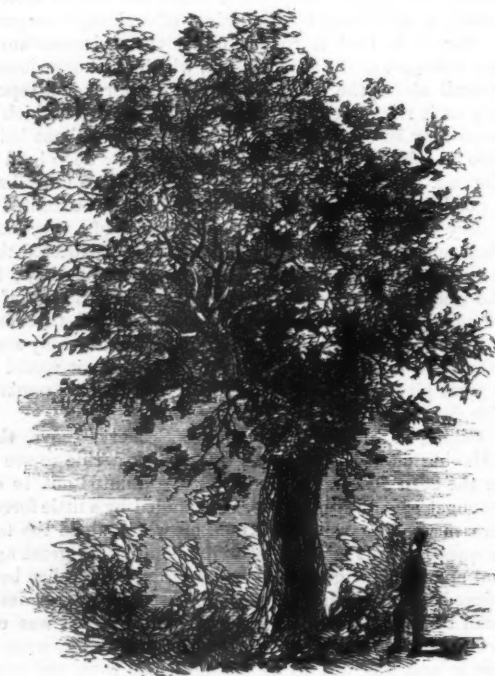
On reaching the place, not far in the forest, I saw the oak among some other trees, where the stream crosses under the road. To my surprise, instead of finding it a mere branchless trunk, very much decayed, and nearly destroyed by ill-usage, it proved to be, as regards its head, a fine tree, amply foliaged—in fact, more densely so than the generality of the oaks about the forest. Yet, on closer inspection, the stem, whence spring the huge branches with their large masses of leafage, is little more than a mere half-shell of bark, which has had its interior nearly grubbed out by the knives of curiosity-mongers.

How it is that it resists, under these circumstances, the influence of the storm winds, which must occasionally prevail about the Forest, I cannot comprehend, especially as it rises out of a bank, down the sides of which its roots may be seen running, and therefore, without being able to obtain, one would imagine, a very deep hold of the soil. It is evident, indeed, that the tree must have a good deal of lusty vigour in it, and either be located in a very congenial soil, or else be naturally of a very luxuriant species of oak. Still, it is not to be expected that it can bear much additional injury with impunity; for the weight of its head will break the trunk across, if it be much more weakened. It would be well, therefore, if steps to save it from further injury were taken by some influential resident in the neighbourhood, as it would be a great pity to have a natural curiosity of this remarkable description annihilated.

Gilpin, in his work on "Forest Scenery," says, that "Having often heard of this oak, I took a ride to see it, on the 29th December, 1781. It was pointed out to me amongst several other oaks, surrounded by a little forest-stream winding round a knoll, on which stood the tree in question. It is a tall, straight plant, of no great age, and apparently vigorous, excepting that the top has been injured, from which circumstance several branches issue forth from it in the form of pollard shoots. It was entirely bare of leaves, as far as I could discover, when I saw it, and was not to be distinguished from the other oaks in its neighbourhood, except that its bark seemed

rather smoother—occasioned, I apprehend, by persons frequently climbing it." On the following 5th of January, a person whom he had engaged to do so sent him some twigs a few hours after they had been gathered, on which the leaves were fairly expanded about an inch in length. He states further, that the tree was supposed by many to commence budding always on old Christmas Day, and that it was probable it usually did so; and he gives an instance of its so doing in 1785, when a gentleman, a very nice and critical observer, strictly examined the branches, not only on the 6th of January, but also on the day previously. On the 5th not a leaf was to be found; but on the old Christmas morning every branch had its complement of leaves, though they were then but just shooting from the buds, none of them being more than a quarter of an inch long. On another occasion, however, a lady requested a man to climb the tree on the 3rd of January, which he refused at first to do, saying that it was useless, but that, if she would come on the 5th, she would see thousands. Nevertheless, he was prevailed upon to ascend it, and to his surprise found a quantity of buds and leaves thereon.

An intelligent writer, in one of the early numbers of the "Saturday Magazine," attempts to account for the extraordinary character of the "Cadnam Oak" by supposing it to be one of the progeny of an oak brought ages ago from the East by a pilgrim, the natural time of which to bud would be about old Christmas Day, and which had imparted, by a law of nature, a tendency to its offspring to follow one of its peculiarities. This view of the case is not beyond the reach of probability, since it is well known that foreign plants occasionally present appearance and habits alien to their existing climate and locality, but which seem to be a development of the original characteristics of the species in its own original soil. Perhaps some reader of "The Leisure Hour," within reach of Cadnam, will further investigate the subject. I sketch the tree as I saw it in the autumn.

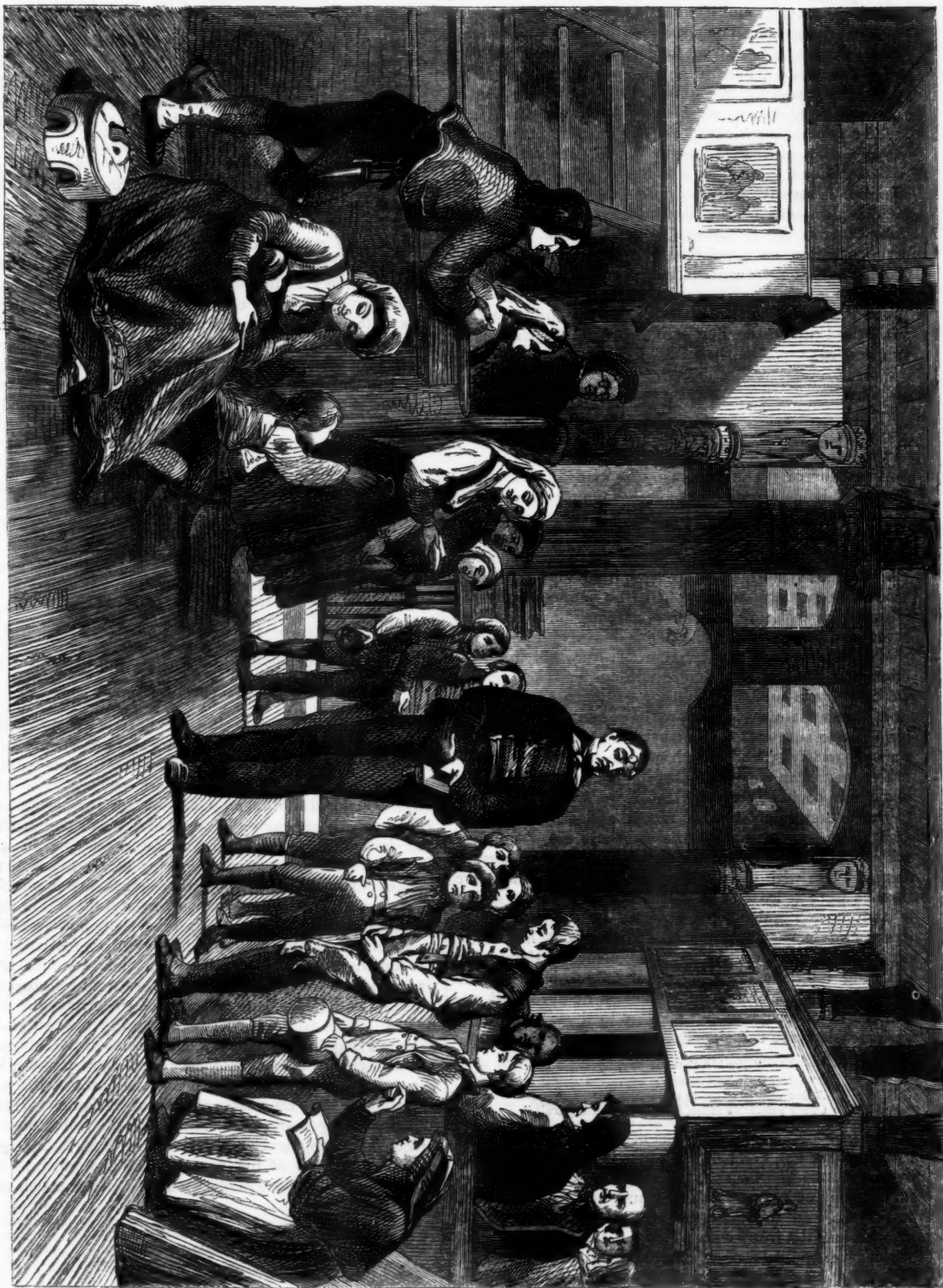


THE CADNAM OAK.

CATECHISING IN NORWAY.

MANY of our readers will doubtless recognise the annexed engraving as the representation of a painting which they have seen and admired in the Norwegian section of the department of the Fine Arts, at the Great Exhibition. Tidemand, whose name it bears, occupies a place in the foremost rank of Scandinavian artists; and he excels in the delineation of scenes drawn from the every-day life of his countrymen: such, for example, as the one here given, a "Catechisation by a Schoolmaster in a Norwegian Country Church." The schoolmaster is a person of some consideration in Norway, which does not possess either nobility or gentry; hence, apart from the strictly professional classes, he is the only person who can lay claim to having received anything like a liberal education. In the far north, indeed, among the Lapps and Finns, he acts as a kind of missionary, and communicates the elements of religious instruction. The individual represented in the engraving before us, is evidently one who "magnifies his office," and is well skilled to rule. See what a glance of severity, not unmingled with scorn, he directs toward the gawky and decidedly uncomfortable-looking youth, who, unable to respond to the question that has just been propounded, is anxiously considering the state of his nether extremities. The man leaning on the back of the pew behind the latter, and who is probably the father of the tall lad, looks on, "more in sorrow than in anger." Observe, too, the expression on the face of the youngster in front. His mother has just been prompting him; but he manifestly distrusts his ability to get through the answers satisfactorily, and is fearful of being found out, and stripped of his borrowed plumage. And what a fine contrast to this, is presented in the countenance and attitude of the boy who stands looking up, with all the confidence that knowledge inspires, at the one who is as much his inferior in intelligence as he is his superior in inches. The minor details of the picture are admirable for their truthfulness: for example, the rude carvings with which the front of the gallery is adorned; the dresses of the women and girls; and the *speise* box on the left, which shows that some of the congregation have come from a considerable distance. The young rogue on the ground has slyly abstracted from it the true lover's knot, (this is one of the fanciful shapes in which Norwegian housewives delight to make their wheaten bread,) which he is offering to his pretty sister.

A law was passed on the 16th May, 1860, relative to the common schools in the rural districts of Norway, containing many wise and liberal provisions for the education of the poor, and some advantages for the teachers. We hope our friend, the schoolmaster in the picture, still lives to enjoy his improved position. In every parish a dwelling for the schoolmaster is provided, "with a piece of ground adjoining, large enough for a garden and for the keep of two cows." If, as is frequently the case, the teacher is also the parish clerk, the income for the latter duty is not to be deducted from his salary, the rate of which is provided by law. A church clerk, being also schoolmaster, is bound to bring with him to divine service a suitable number of children to assist in the chant singing. In every district school the children are taught reading, Christian knowledge, selections from geography and natural history, writing, arithmetic, and singing. Every child is bound to attend school from the age of eight till declared free from attendance. This is usually after confirmation, or on attaining the age of thirteen, if found sufficiently instructed. No pupil is admitted to the higher common schools under the age of twelve, and after examination in Bible history, Luther's Cate-



CATECHISING AFTER SERVICE IN A COUNTRY CHURCH IN NORWAY.

(Copied, by permission, from the picture by Tidemand, in the International Exhibition).

chism, and the first four rules of arithmetic. They are then taught geography, history, physics, drawing, and surveying; and in the higher division, mathematics, political economy, and if possible, a foreign language.

The expenses of schools are met by district and county rates, aided by grants from funds voted by the Storting, or Parliament. There is also a special fund, called the "Support Fund for the diffusion of Knowledge," or, in Norwegian, *Oplysningsvesenets Understøttelsesfond*.

The general superintendence of education is under the charge of a stifts-direction or board, consisting of the stifts-amtmand, the bishop, and the school director of the diocese. Norway is divided into five stifts or dioceses.

The doctrines of the Reformation were introduced into Norway by preachers from Denmark, when the two countries were politically united. The final settlement of the Protestant cause was accomplished at a meeting of the States held at Odensee in 1539. Luther was frequently consulted, and his influence was impressed upon the northern churches, in their form and order, as well as their doctrines.

MEN I HAVE KNOWN.

RICHARD HARRIS BARHAM.

THE author of "The Ingoldsby Legends of Mirth and Marvels" holds a prominent place among the memories of the Men I have Known; and the shadow of his departure falls yet heavily upon my spirit. He was remarkable for the elements mixed up in his composition. They were, as a whole, in perfect harmony; yet, when viewed in parts, often seemed to be connected by the slightest possible links, and apparently moved by no common springs whatever. Thus his very playfulness was so sincere that jocular reproofs from his lips were often the essence of oracular wisdom, and not seldom wrought more good than if they had been administered in a graver manner. In more important affairs he was largely tolerant; but it was not that sort of toleration now so widely spread, which masks the visage of indifference. The outpourings of his levity, if so humorous a vein could be so denominated, were mainly directed to the exposure of Romish frauds, and the subversion of Romish superstition. Against these his Protestant faith maintained an earnest hostility; and if he warred against them with the shafts of ridicule, his destructive inroads were at least in effective alliance with the action of the more regular force, fighting in the panoply of grave and learned argument. Throughout his entire productions, whether treating miscellaneous themes or buffeting religious error, he never fails to inculcate the most laudable social principles, though he deemed it expedient to offer a kind of apology to those who might imagine his verse occasionally too flippant or free—

"For if rather too gay,
I can venture to say,
A fine vein of morality is, in each lay
Of my primitive muse, the distinguishing trait."

The gravest and most serious of readers and thinkers will, I doubt not, coincide with me in holding that no excuse was needed for the style which covered so powerful an array of sound judgment and penetrating truth. It may be well to recall the pungency with which he assailed and the irony with which he attacked the superstitious ceremonials of a church which he held to be supported by imposture and sensuous rites. In his judgment all was artificial, ostentations, and cunningly devised to subjugate the human mind under the slavish yoke of an audacious conspiracy.

"Saint Medard was a holy man,
A holy man, I ween, was he;
And even by day
When he went to pray,
He would light up a candle that all might see."

What a happy turn to one of the chief sources of the troubles in Knightsbridge, and the greater scandals of St. George's in the East! No weapon employed by parish authorities on behalf of irritated congregations, could touch the evil more efficaciously than this home thrust of sarcasm—"that all might see."

Still stronger expressions of the author's contempt for idolatrous rites is found in the ludicrous "Legend of St. Genulphus." Wisdom and fun seem to be well allied in attacking such preposterous follies as the legendary miracles of pretended saints, whose idle tales were fomented only to "bring grist to the mill." But Barham's graver mood was not applied to this class of subjects. Therefore, with only one example more, I will try to illustrate his simply sportive manner. It is the fixing of a date to the "Old Woman in Grey." The writer was diligently schooled, and indeed a devoted investigator of our national relics in archaeology, as well as an acute expositor of the ancient priestly deceptions exhumed by his research, and was thus very competent for a task of so much consequence, *ex. gr.*—

"All that one knows is,
It must have preceded the wars of the Roses;
Inasmuch as the times
Described in these rhymes,
Were as fruitful in Virtues as ours are in crimes.
And if 'mongst the Laity,
Unseemly gaiety
Sometimes betrayed an occasional taint or two;
At once all the Clerics
Went into hysterics,
While scarcely a convent but boasted a Saint or two;
So it must have been long ere the time of the Tudors,
As since then the breed
Of saint rarely indeed
With their dignified presence have darkened our pew doors."

But, as I have noted, in the midst of all the railery upon pseudo saintship, holding up the monstrous forms of the Dunstons, Nicholases, Odilles, and similar pretenders to sanctity and supernatural power, while they carried forward the business of ambition, or perhaps the vilest worldly schemes: in the midst of all the scoffing and indignation heaped upon these crafty delusions, there are seen little gems of poetry which manifest the inmost nature of the satirist, whose shafts are so piercing against evil, but whose disposition is full of kindness and human sympathies. It is true that such freaks as those of manufacturing Japan martyrs to be received into the brotherhood and sisterhood of Saints would have provoked his caustic song; but there would have been a useful and benevolent lesson with the grotesque garniture. Most readers will remember the poem of Lord Tomnoddy going to witness an execution at Newgate. The description is most whimsical and characteristic; but the sadness of the subject touches the heart of the poet more nearly than his purposed reproof of frivolous fashion and degrading taste; and he breaks off from the disgraceful picture, clever and alluring as it is, to fall, by a natural revulsion of his own genuine feeling, into the pathetic, in a style equally beautiful, picturesque, and affecting.

"Sweetly, oh! sweetly the morning breaks
With roseate streaks,
Like the first faint blush on a maiden's cheeks;
Seemed as that mild and clear blue sky
Smiled upon all things far and nigh,
On all—save the wretch condemned to die.
Alas! * * *

And hark! a sound comes big with fate;
The clock from St. Sepulchre's tower strikes—Eight!
List to that low funeral bell;
It is tolling, alas! a living man's knell!
And see from forth that opening door
They come—he steps that threshold o'er,
Who never shall tread upon threshold more!
Alas! 'tis a fearsome sight to see
That pale, wan man's mute agony—
The glare of that wild, despairing eye,
Now bent on the crowd, now turned to the sky;
As though it were scanning, in doubt and fear,
The fate of the spirit's unknown career.
Those pinioned arms—those hands that ne'er
Shall be lifted again—not even in prayer;
That heaving chest. Enough—'tis done;
The bolt has fallen! the spirit is gone,
For weal or for woe is known but to One.
* * * Oh, 'twas a fearsome sight! Ah, me!
A sight to shudder at—not to see.”

Life is composed of smiles and tears, and it may be that their occurrence in close juxtaposition can impart a more striking effect to either, and that, observing this result, the talent of the orator and poet is often displayed in the skilful application of contrast; but be this as it may, it has never consisted with my experience, to meet with a more natural, more touching, or more powerful example of this beauty than in the lines just quoted—a fervid apostrophe rising out of the vicious vagaries of such amateurs of capital punishment as the Tomnoddies and lower rabble, who are prone to indulge in the witnessing of these horrors.

In the few quotations I have made, and still more in the “Jackdaw of Rheims” and the “Witches’ Frolic,” the critical reader must have observed Mr. Barham’s mastery of the English language, and extraordinary facility in every species of poetical composition. His ear for the music of rhythm was perfect. In the latter he displayed curious original powers, adding piquancy to ideas quite sufficient in themselves to excite admiration. And another remarkable feature was the readiness and fertility with which he used the familiar topics of the day to illustrate and point the old stories extorted from moth-eaten legendary lore. In this peculiarity I am not aware that he has ever had an equal; nor could one be easily found. For he was learned with Bishop Copleston, humorous with Sydney Smith, jocular with Theodore Hook, facetious with Edward Cannon of the Royal Chapel,* and genial and conciliatory with all with whom he associated, in every class, from the wearer of the mitre or coronet to the equal or inferior grades of every-day and common life intercourse. He was indeed not more remarkable for his literary talent than estimable for his unraffed kindness, friendly benevolence, and love of harmony and peace. Yet, with all these estimable and pacific elements, had he been a soldier instead of a clergyman, he could not have presented a more maimed and mutilated candidate for the consideration of the Horse Guards. A native of Canterbury, (fruitful, by the by, in distinguished men in the present century,) at the age of five or six years he inherited from his father the property of Sappington and the old manor house, which figure so conspicuously in several of his compositions. Even in boyhood, his casual and unfortunate accidents began. He was upset in the Dover mail, and shattered his right arm so that it could never be very useful again. Later in life he was overturned in a gig,

which broke one leg and sprained the other, so as to aggravate his crippled condition; and by some other mischance, one of his eyes was seriously affected. It was probably a consequence of the first of these injuries which led to his relinquishment of a career that required active physical powers, and the choice of the Church as a profession, as it was unquestionably the result of all that turned him into the field of literature. He was educated at St. Paul’s School, where he was contemporary, *inter alios*, with Bentley the publisher, Sir C. Clarke, and Sir Frederick Pollock. Mrs. Roberts (the wife of the head master) kindly nursed him when laid up with his crushed arm, and it was then that he first attempted poetry, which he cultivated more sedulously at Brazenose College. Here he was the companion of Lord Nugent, and (during his terms) of Theodore Hook, who declined, in the buoyancy of early and precocious genius, to curb his vivacity within the rules of scholastic discipline, and who was still less inclined to submit to theological training. To Hook, from that day to his death, Barham was ever the most faithful adviser and the warmest friend. I have known many cases in which his interference or arbitration was productive of the most beneficial results to every one concerned: his peace-making was pre-eminently successful, for his mind was just, and his judgment cool, and his voice persuasive. Whilst he felt for the wronged, he could make needful allowance for the wrong-doer; his construction towards both was tempered with mercy; it was his province to declare the truth, to direct the right way, and to reconcile mistaken opinions or angry passions with mutual forbearance and the golden rule. I dwell the more upon this, because it was a very prominent and estimable feature in his life and character; his great human merit was goodness, and his delight, performing kindly actions.

As I am not a biographer, I shall say nothing of his auspicious marriage with a lady worthy of him, or of his clerical preferences, which were moderately lucrative and honourable. Nor of his literature shall I add more than that it was when laid up with his second severe accident that he wrote “Baldwin,” a novel, which produced him £20, and the promise of certain publishers’ future advantages, which Hook wittily designated as “contingencies that never happen.” “Cousin Nicholas” was more successful at a later day. This class of writing was not his forte. As leisure and inclination prompted, he contributed many miscellaneous and attractive papers to “Blackwood’s Magazine,” the “Literary Gazette,” “Bentley’s Miscellany,” “The Globe” and “John Bull” newspapers, and other periodicals. His principal work, however, was for Gorton’s “Biographical Dictionary,” to which, it is stated, he supplied a third portion of the contents. His life has been modestly and affectionately written by his son.

His school intimacy with Mr. Bentley made him the warm and efficient coadjutor, with the first of his Legends, in the establishment of the Miscellany to which the publisher affixed his own name in 1837; he survived that friendly aid only eight years, dying at the age of fifty-seven, in 1845.

Of all his writings, as of all his conduct, I may affirm that in his liveliest moods he never transgressed the limits of decent mirth, (I speak of him merely as a man of letters;) that his kindness of heart was constant and inexhaustible; that he was closely allied to every humanity. I, and all who knew him, deeply lamented his premature loss, in the full vigour of faculties which never faded to the end; near which he penned some mournfully applicable lines, which only added to our melancholy and regret. I leave them, however, to conclude with

* Cannon was as quaint and eccentric a being as I ever saw. His oddities were so entertaining, his wit so sharp, and his bearing altogether so singular, that even the Prince Regent put up with his humours. The rough, surly Lord Thurlow rejoiced in his company, and he was courted for his society by leading men in church and state. He was a fine musician and an accomplished scholar—in a singular degree resembling Dean Swift; but towards the close, the repetition of absurdities overleapt the attractions of genius, and poor Cannon dwindled into insignificance—his earlier friends all gone.

another extract from his writings, pathetically written on the occasion of a similar sorrow.

"And thus 'twill be—nor long the day,
Ere we, like him, shall pass away.
Yon sun, that now our bosom warms,
Shall shine, but shine on other forms;
Yon grove, whose choir so sweetly cheers
Us now, shall sound to other ears;
The joyous lamb as now shall play,
But other eyes its sports survey;
The stream we loved shall roll as fair,
The flowery sweets, the trim parterre,
Shall scent as now the ambient air;
The tree whose bending branches bear
The one loved name, shall yet be there
But where the hand that carved it—Where?"

FRANCIS DOUCE, THE ANTIQUARY.

Great authors, antiquaries, and philosophers are often very odd fellows. Their learning, industry, or genius does not restrain, but rather precipitates them into the now almost obsolete class of original "characters." They entertain odd notions and queer fancies, and propound opinions on men and things quite peculiar to themselves, and as if they could hardly discern the difference between a hawk and a hand-saw. I had little familiar acquaintance with Douce—few people had much; but I met him occasionally in the society of the elder D'Israeli, Archdeacon Nares, and other literary celebrities of that time, who formed a sphere many-coloured and pleasing to behold as it floated on the atmosphere of intellectual light. Alas! it has vanished from the sky, and fallen to earth. Not a rack of its human vitality survives, though still its reflected lustre lingers on some literary paths. Why should the beautiful soap-bubble burst and dissolve, and leave so little of a trace behind? Ah! ours are the days to witness such traces fade faster and faster, since science, practical knowledge, and social progress could never think of picturing the phenomena as they appeared a generation ago, but must analyse them; and what remains? Nothing material, nothing tangible, nothing realizable—poor bubbles, poor bubbles! So determines our practical and material age. And with some truth, for still higher reasons, when we think what life and time are given for. Certainly for something more than the curiosities of literature or of archæology.

About such men as Douce, there is little practical or material, excepting great diligence and indomitable perseverance. I have sometimes thought that of all the precocities of infancy, the antiquarian precocity is the most remarkable, and has been the least noticed. Biography gives many instances of poets who lisped in numbers, and mechanicians who helped to make their own cradles, and self-denying saints who refused the luxury of mothers' milk, and other wonderfully intuitive juveniles whose inborn predispositions foreboded in early childhood what their future lives would be. But the genuine antiquary appears to be more extraordinary than any of these. He is never anything else. His first breath has an aged cough about it; his first voice is like an obsolete language, and every movement is old-fashioned and odd. At any rate, Francis Douce was an example of this genus, and grew up to be a man of most patient industry, indefatigable research, rare learning, and comprehensive information.

A fine scholar, he gave himself up entirely to literature, into which he was early initiated by an appointment—Keeper of Manuscripts in the British Museum. At the beginning of this century he flourished in full force and vigour. His contributions to the "Archæologia," and the worthy old "Gentleman's Magazine," (which, by the by, seems to be renewing its strength, to meet the extension of the archæological spirit so happily

awakened throughout the land,) were ample and valuable. His "Pietrus Alphonsus" in Ellis's "Metrical Romances, 1806," excited much notice, and his edition of R. Arnold's "Chronicle of the Customs of London," served to confirm his literary reputation, which was soon after (1807) elevated still higher by his "Illustrations of Shakspeare," and of ancient manners. Congenial literary pursuits led to the intimacy I have mentioned with the elder D'Israeli, Archdeacon Nares, Mr. Barber, Sir H. Ellis, Mr. Caley, Mr. Combe, and other studious men who adorned the world of letters in that time, perhaps more gravely and usefully, and certainly not less instructingly than the teeming produce of the press in our own day.

Not being altogether *laudator temporis acti*, I may relate a little story to show that there were humours and follies indulged even among the distinguished personages of that era. Douce and the famous William Cobbett inhabited contiguous houses in Kensington. Their great quarrel was sudden, though the cause was slow. It related to snails. Now Cobbett was deeply interested in the recommendation of Indian corn for culture in England, and was experimenting and advertising its growth in his garden, which was some small annoyance to his adjacent neighbour. But the antipathy was roused to rage when the latter found, or supposed he found, certain snails intruding upon his domain by being thrown over the intervening wall. He remonstrated, as antiquaries will remonstrate; but a denial such as a Peter Porcupine would indite, was all the satisfaction he could get. The evil seemed to increase. The snails multiplied, and I will not be sure that slugs were not also fired over. There was therefore no redress; but reprisals and a regular warfare, in what authors on war would call shelling, and I, in gardener fashion, may designate as snailing, ensued. It was indeed a sight to behold the philosophic Dry-as-Dust, at early morn, in night-gown and slippers, gathering up the mollusks into arsenals of flower-pots, to be hurled *en masse*, with malignant aim, into the very heart and interior of his enemy's maize; and, at dewy eve, the stout bucolic reformer of governments and agriculture, collecting all he could find to re-discharge into the hostile territory. The issue, if I remember rightly, was that the damage to the Indian-corn pattern patch was irremediable, as the Cobbettians could not go in to pick up the missiles, and the owner was obliged to transport his experiment to a safer field, between Hammersmith Bridge and Barnes Common.

The antiquary, after this, continued to work undisturbed, and produced especially the splendid volume on Holbein's "Dance of Death," which he was enabled to finish and publish before he was himself called from his books to join in the solemn and universal procession to the tomb.

By his will, Mr. Douce, after bequeathing portions of his curious antique hoard and library, and money remembrances to friends, left a sealed legacy to the nation, to be opened after a lapse of years, in the British Museum. Among these future antiquities, I presume there will be some very valuable articles. In 1591, Sir John Harrington translated the "Orlando Furioso;" but he also completed a metrical version of the Psalms, the manuscript of which was in Mr. Douce's possession. This was a production well worthy of preservation, and, if not contained among the relics in the bequest referred to, it is very desirable to inquire what has become of it.

Of the testator, I recollect nothing else deserving of record. In manners he was pleasing, and in dispensing information (of which his store was singularly varied) he was ready and liberal. His company was accordingly always instructive, and, when enjoyed with kindred minds,

made, for the less gifted seekers after knowledge, days to be marked with the white stone, and impressions not to be forgotten.

THE CANADIAN OIL REGION.

Is a former number we gave an account of the wonderful springs of "mineral oil," as it is termed in some parts of the United States. The following extracts from a letter, which appeared in the "Toronto Leader," will be read with interest:—

"Leaving London by the 2.40 P.M. train, your correspondent went direct to Wyoming—the debarking point for Black Creek, as any one might suppose who is favoured with a sense of smell. The peculiar odour of the oil, which is here stored in large quantities for carriage to the eastern markets, is perceived, especially if the wind happens to be favourable, at the distance of a mile or two. I noticed that the large platform was covered with the blackest and oiliest of barrels, saying nothing of the hundreds of empty ones which were returned from the east, and which, in promiscuous heaps, oftentimes twenty feet high, covered the ground for rods. The rapid importance this place has assumed is astonishing. A few months ago, and it was no place: now it is the place; then there was a station at a distance of a few miles on either side of it: it was not even a stopping point; now it has stores and shops of every kind. Post-office, carpenters, shoemakers, tailors, blacksmiths—in fact, all the trades are represented; and two doctors hang out their shingles. A fine foundry has just been got into operation. There are livery stables and teams here without number, and last, but never least, hotels of a very good kind. From the crowd of drivers, hotel-runners, and lounging stragglers, one would almost suppose himself at the station of a city. So great is the increase of business on the Sarnia branch of the Great Western that the company are now removing one of the neighbouring stations to this place, and are erecting storehouses for the oil.

"With the arrival of the morning train from Sarnia, which, by the way, is only seventeen miles distant, and is the resting place of great numbers of Americans, who come here, I took one of the half-dozen stages that run to the oil regions. I am sure not less than thirty-five or forty passengers went out on the same day to the creek. The road for the first six miles was tolerably good, though, the country being a dead level, with a soil of heavy clay, drainage is difficult. The road passes through the centre of the township, is cut and cleared most of the way, and is partially ditched. But soon, we hope, the labours of the energetic contractor, who is building a plank road from Wyoming to Black Creek, will render the route less wearisome than at present. At a distance of four miles we come to a store and tavern; this is Petrolia. West from it about half a mile are the wells known as 'Kelly's Wells.' These at one time attracted considerable attention. There are here about a dozen wells yielding tolerably. A refinery has been built at a cost of about 10,000 dollars. It is now just commencing operations. Proceeding, we occasionally passed finely-cultivated farms. For the last five miles of the journey the road is fearfully rough, but will soon be "planked."

We arrived safely at Black Creek in time to partake of a good rough dinner, in company with thirty or forty others. Having fallen in with an acquaintance, I was much assisted in my tour of the territory. The place—Black Creek—derives its name from a creek of that name running through the oil region. It is about half

way between the eastern and western limits of Enniskillen township, but, at the extreme south end, distant from Wyoming twelve miles; from Sarnia twenty-four; from the St. Clair River about sixteen. The township is about eleven miles square, situated in the county of Lambton; soil, heavy clay; timber, oak of the most magnificent kind, elm, ash, white wood, beach, maple, hickory of the largest size, basswood, walnut—in fact, all kinds of hard wood. Judging from the settlements, there is no doubt that, with a thorough system of drainage, this would become one of the first townships in Canada. But I am wandering from my subject proper. With my friend, who kindly acted the guide, I spent a few days at the diggings, learning all I could from those best posted.

"I found the oil region extending over a limited space. From the tests already made, the oilmen have concluded that it does not extend all over the township, as some at first supposed. Black Creek seems to be the richest territory yet discovered in Canada, and, according to some of the best authorities, it is the richest in America. Wandering along the banks and in the flats of the stream, which certainly deserves the name it bears, I at every few rods came across a well. They were in every stage of procedure. Some were just commenced; some were just finished; from many, men were pumping oil into huge vats. Here let me say that the wells are of different kinds. First, there are the surface wells, so called because they are only sunk to the rock; these are for the most part on the flats of the creek. Some of them, when within a few feet of the rock, quickly fill with oil, which, with much noise and uproar of gas, bursts in from the loose gravelly substance overlying the rock. I have known wells fifty feet deep and five feet square, fill to the very brim with oil. Nay, I have seen it flow over the top and run away in a stream, wasting hundreds of barrels. These wells are dug large, the sides are cribbed, and then puddled, so as to keep out the surface water. Surface wells are dug and finished for about three dollars per foot. The oil from these wells is thicker and less pure than that from the rock wells; but a refiner told me that, though it was harder to deodorize and refine than the rock oil, yet, when manufactured, it made the best oil; having more body, it gave the best light, and burnt longer. It is also best for lubricating purposes. For rock wells they frequently sink a well like a surface well, and then drill; but more frequently the soil is bored out with a large auger until the rock is reached, a distance varying from forty to seventy feet. Then piping, like pump logs, is put in and driven down snug on the rock. After this the slow process of drilling is carried on by foot, horse-power, or with steam-engines, sinking from a few inches to perhaps ten feet per day, according to the nature of the rock. This drilling is done for about 2 dollars and 50 cents per foot. The character of the rock seems to vary with every well. It is generally, however, soapstone, with layers of shale, which is here in very small quantities, though at other parts of the township I have known drillers to go through fifty or sixty feet without change. There are also layers of sandstone, flint rock, and sulphate of iron; these vary in quantities at every well, though distant but a few rods. In the soapstone the oil is generally found, and at various distances from the surface. A continuation of little veins may be struck; then all at once a larger one, which may cause the oil to be forced in immense quantities out of the pipe. My friend led me until I was tired, and I had seen more oil and more wells in operation, and in course of being sunk, than I had ever imagined as being in this county. I was told there were hundreds; that before January five hundred wells

will be down; and I believe it. I came across a well every few rods. There, in the wild woods, were hundreds of men, all quiet, intent upon their work. There was no talking, but tramp, tramp, tramp went the foot, click, click, the sharp sound of the drill as the steel bit its way in the rock. In a few places in the woods we encountered buildings of more pretentious appearance than the majority; here were wells worked by steam-engines. How they were ever got in I know not; but here they are, working night and day. Large vats and tanks held the oil: some of them hold one thousand barrels; the largest are immense pits sunk in the stiff clay, cribbed and puddled, and these, they say, are better than wooden vats, which leak the oil out, so penetrating is it. There being no pine, the houses are for the most part built of logs or bark of the elm, which is here stripped for that purpose. The life led by the oilmen very much resembles that of the gold-diggers of California. There was much discomfort; but the prospect of gain is better and more reliable than ever held out by California. Scarcely a well at Black Creek fails. Fabulous prices have been paid for good wells. Some acre lots sell as high as 1000 dollars. Hundreds of people are coming in every week from all parts of America, most of them being from Ohio and Pennsylvania—men who have seen the good thing made by those who were lucky in getting into the Pennsylvania oil regions at the beginning, but who were too poor to do anything there now. They are men of limited capital for the most part, but of untiring energy and industry. They are of all trades and professions; and, I must say, considering there are some six or seven hundred there, they are well conducted.

"There is no doubt of it—a source of untold wealth is in our midst—an oil territory richer than any yet discovered—and yet we Canadians won't let ourselves know it, until people from another country come in and take advantage of opportunities that we let slip. If a particle of gold had been found there, how soon would the country ring with the tidings! Thanks, however, to the enterprise of some of the Torontonians, the Americans are no longer to enjoy a monopoly of the oil-refining business. One firm in Toronto is buying some thousand barrels, while another is introducing it largely into Europe. Once the European market is opened, it must create an immense trade, for a substance from which are made refined toilet soaps, candles superior to wax, oil that gives a cheaper and not less beautiful light than gas, and much more convenient, and furnishing the best machine and lubricating oil yet known, must ultimately be brought into universal use."

A REMINISCENCE OF 1831.

THE incidents which I am about to relate took place in 1831, a year when the proposed Reform Bill was agitating with either hope or fear the various classes of society. Many will remember the visionary dreams that then mingled with the sober expectations of the Reformers. Many an artisan and mechanic anticipated a coming time of unbroken prosperity, when all social wrongs would cease, and abundant wealth be the fruit of easy labour. Many a political schemer, devoid both of property and principle, hoped for a share in the government of the country, if not a seat in the administration. It was a time of wild and confused excitement.

This hopeful year did truly bring, most unexpectedly, a considerable accession of property to a very near and dear friend of mine. A small estate in the fine county

of Hampshire was bequeathed to her by an aged and much respected friend, who, full of years and beloved in her sphere from her many deeds of love and kindness to the surrounding poor, died alike honoured and mourned.

Circumstances of a private nature, the details of which I need not relate, rendered it necessary that a confidential person should be immediately placed in possession. My friend resided more than a hundred miles apart from her legacy; moreover, she was obliged to be in daily communication with her legal advisers; and thus, although at the time a very young woman, I found myself, on my friend's business, travelling through Wiltshire in the stage-coach, under special care of the guard, *en route* to Southampton, about thirty miles from which lay the estate. There a confidential old servant was to meet and attend me during the remainder of my journey.

Very pretty was the small but compact property—a villa residence, with ornamented Gothic front; eight acres of land, comprising flower and kitchen gardens; a beautiful meadow; two young cows of the pure Alderney breed, in capital condition; the poultry-yard well-stocked with ducks and fowls; coach-houses, stables, dairies, cow-house, and other offices, in good repair, and fitted with their various requisites; and last, not least, a conservatory in prime order, containing choice specimens of rare and delicate plants and flowers.

This was not my first visit to the neighbourhood. Once previously had I been there during the residence of its late kind owner, and then it was decked in the rich loveliness of summer attire. But now it was chill winter; the summer flowers and the kind friend were alike withered and gone. Pines, cedars, and dark firs threw their shadows across drifts of snow; Portugal laurels, prickly holly, with its brilliant red berries, pyracantha, and clinging ivy, afforded shelter and food to the robin, and the pale Christmas-rose unfolded its delicate petals to the piercing north wind. The conservatory, however, was fairy land; there hyacinths rich in colour, exquisite in perfume, lovely ericas with every shade of bloom, the camellias, deep red, pink, and creamy white, set in glossy dark leaves, were putting forth early buds, and many brilliant azure and golden flowers of difficult name; while tall orange-trees, bearing fruit and flowers together, spoke of spring and autumn combined.

But amidst this peaceful scene it was impossible to forget the confusion and alarm that pervaded the land that winter. To a generation that has since risen up, it would be difficult to describe the state of public affairs to which I am referring thirty years ago. Mobs had assembled in divers parts; insurrectionary risings of the people were frequent; the vile incendiary crept during the darkness of night; and several houses in the neighbourhood had been actually attacked and plundered.

Such were the tidings which greeted me on my arrival. Residing in the vicinity of the city of Bristol, which lay yet tranquil, although ere long to suffer more severely than any other part of the kingdom, we had heard only the distant mutterings of the coming storm, and I was consequently unprepared for such sad revelations. Little more than twenty summers had passed over my head; yet, strange to say, I felt no alarm. Curiosity mingled with awe as I traversed the vacant chambers, and penetrated into each nook and corner of the house and grounds. I remembered my previous visit, also the kind, gentle, but sorely afflicted lady, so ever anxious for her young guest's entertainment and pleasure. Now all was silent and solitary. I passed through music, dining, and drawing-rooms, examining bureaux, *escritoirs*, and closets. The piano was closed and locked; the furniture in exact order, neat, clean, polished. Still, every article there was

our own, and imagination was busily at work, tracing the lines of the bright future to be passed on this lovely spot, amidst new scenes, new friends, new hopes, and anticipated enjoyments.

A month passed slowly, and the necessity for my presence ceased. The details I had furnished proved satisfactory; the lawyers even complimented me on their clearness and accuracy. My dear friend, whose health was delicate, did not wish to take possession until the beginning of May; and, in the meantime, the welcome instructions I received were: "Return. Let the carriage be properly examined by the coachmaker of — (our nearest post-town), and travel in it; the gardener must attend you." But this could not be: poor Crawshaw was laid up by a violent attack of lumbago; the female servants could not be separated, and I determined to effect my journey alone.

All was now joyful alacrity. Our nearest country neighbour, a kind-hearted gentleman and keen sportsman, saw the old-fashioned carriage properly aired, and stored with every comfort for the journey; and, at five o'clock on a snowy morning in January, I stepped into the carriage to return to warm and kindly hearts. It was piercingly cold; the snow in large flakes seemed to linger in the air. "It is too cold for it to come down," remarked a servant. The half-moons in the carriage-lamps glowed like burning eyes; when, after bidding farewell to a dear young friend, the daughter of the rector of the parish, who had been my frequent companion during my stay, but whom I was never again to behold in life, and receiving respectful messages from the domestics to convey to their new mistress, all was ready for starting. The postilion cracked his whip, and we proceeded, the frozen icicles crackling and falling in showers from the old trees as we swept down the coach-road.

What a journey was before me! One hundred and twelve miles to be posted. No railroads then intersected the land, and I must pass through some of the disturbed districts. Carriages had been taken possession of by the lawless mobs who traversed the public roads, their occupants compelled to alight, while they forced the drivers to go whithersoever their caprice prompted. Robbers mixed with the disaffected, and neither life nor property was secure from their violence. As the cold wind blew its wintry blast, a strange feeling of mingled fear and delight seemed to grasp my heart. Alas! for the inexperience of youth, the peril served to enhance the enjoyment.

Sad sights for happy, peaceful England! At the various inns, armed men lounged around the blazing fires; the red glare shone on scarlet accoutrements and glittering arms. Soldiers filled the village streets, and were surveyed askance by ruffian-looking men, who jealously noted their movements. A few gazed with surprise and curiosity at a carriage, apparently heavily packed with carriage trunks and other things, yet containing only one slight girl. "Horses on," was the only word I uttered at the end of the first stage; and then commenced a series of delays and annoyances, which rendered my journey harassing to a degree, which I feel most sensibly I should now lack courage and perseverance to surmount.

Most fortunately, I had made my start early in the morning. To that circumstance alone I attribute my accomplishing the principal part of the journey during the day. Snow was feathering fast around, and through the gloom I dimly distinguished the mail-coach, with six horses, toiling up the long hill near Winchester.

There, also, soldiers were quartered—the looks of the inhabitants anxious and downcast. I procured from thence a pair of jaded horses; the whipping and spurring that ensued was most distressing. We did not appear to get on at all, yet I could scarcely suppress a scream when I beheld the poor cattle so cruelly tasked beyond their strength.

As we slowly progressed, I witnessed a fearful commentary upon the evil times. A month previously, I had passed a comfortable homestead, a farm-house with large barns, ricks, numerous out-buildings sheltering cattle, every sign of a well-to-do farmer. Now heaps of ashes, blackened rafters, and a scene of desolation, told a tale, confirmed by my driver, of incendiarism and brutal violence. I shuddered as I felt how terrible are the effects of the savage passions of wicked men.

The winter assizes had been held at Salisbury; they were just concluded. A gathering of counsel, witnesses for and against the prisoners, and many persons interested in the issue of the trials, had taken place; every sort of conveyance was in requisition, and cattle could scarcely be procured, even when double fare was offered. My progress was consequently much retarded; but I will only note one incident, which afforded me some amusement, as we neared that venerable old cathedral town.

Sandwiches had been neatly packed for me in white paper, and placed in a carriage-basket; but I could never eat while travelling. I swallowed a few drops of wine-and-water from a small case-bottle, for I was very cold; then, lowering the window for a moment, I threw out the parcel—a prize, I hoped, for some starving outcast. At the same time, I became aware a chariot was approaching, tenanted, like my own, by a solitary individual; a man servant sat in the rumble. It was, as I thought, an old lady who was reclining apparently asleep in one corner, wearing a warm fur head-dress, her hands inclosed in an enormous muff. It passed in an instant, when my postilion, turning round and checking his horses to look after it, exclaimed, touching his hat, "That, ma'am, is the judge who has been trying the prisoners at Salisbury."

Soon after, we entered that town, and drove to the "Antelope Inn." I was civilly requested to alight. "No; I did not wish to leave the carriage; time was very precious, would they oblige me with fresh horses immediately?" The landlady came forth. "She was sorry she could not supply my demand at present; if I would walk in, the first return pair should be at my service." I felt my sole chance lay in keeping myself in view in the carriage, and endeavoured, but in vain, to persuade my late postilion to take me on another stage; the man was very civil, and evidently sorry for me, but he truly affirmed his horses were tired out, and would drop down from fatigue, they had had so little rest for days. However, he gave me, as it afterwards proved, some valuable information. There were in the stable a fine pair of greys, quite fresh, if I could induce the proprietor to let me have them. But this was beyond my powers of persuasion; they were reserved for some one of more pretension. Two weary hours I sat, anxiously waiting. The clock struck three, and there seemed no probability of my making any further progress that day. I dreaded a strange inn, and feared my money would not hold out. Covering my face, I began to shed tears, when the carriage-door was unexpectedly opened, and a gentlemanly man, bowing, said, "Pray do not be alarmed. My name is Colonel —; I am the high sheriff. I have been told by the people here that it is imperative that you should reach Bath this night. I hope it is not a

case of sickness that demands your presence, for I do not believe horses can be procured to convey you thither. However, my family are returning to Bath, and I shall be very happy to give you a seat in my carriage. I will also place my servant in charge of yours; he is perfectly trustworthy, and will bring it on with all possible celerity." I give, as nearly as I can recollect, his words; but the gentle politeness, and extreme suavity of manner which distinguished him, accompanied by a smile of peculiar sweetness, I cannot render.*

I thanked him gratefully. "No; it was not to a sick couch I was journeying. I must not quit the carriage." While we conversed, he was surrounded by numbers of poor people, assailing him with various petitions; and I observed how kind, considerate, and forbearing was his demeanour, even to the humblest individual; none were roughly repulsed by him. "These poor creatures believe I possess unlimited powers to grant them interviews with their unhappy friends who have been lately sentenced. At a certain hour the relatives of the convicts are to be admitted to the prison; until that time they must wait patiently."

But this is a digression. Thanks to the influence of my powerful friend, the spirited greys were harnessed to my carriage, and my route altered. "Do not go to Devizes," was his caution; "you would only get forward one stage, and then your difficulties would recommence. Cross Salisbury Plain; you will thus arrive at a small house, called 'The Bustard.' If you mention my name, I think you may depend on every attention, and being supplied with tolerable horses. It is a lonely road, but do not fear; a friend of mine is going the same way; he will follow immediately after you in the curricie, and be at hand should any cause of alarm distress you." I repeated my acknowledgments to him for his considerate kindness to an entire stranger, and cheerfully passed out from the wide court of the inn, pausing a few minutes, by desire, until my friendly escort was ready.

We drove past the jail. A crowd surrounded it, waiting until the dismal door was opened for their reception, to take a final farewell of friends there incarcerated. I remember even now the pity I felt for their tribulation. How absurd appeared the conduct of the unhappy rioters. What could it signify to them, in their peaceful homesteads, I thought, whether Manchester or Lyme Regis sent most members to Parliament? Of course my notions on the subject were crude and unformed.

Ere long we were going at a brisk pace across the famous Salisbury Plain, and there I experienced some affright, proceeding from a common and natural cause. The plain was wide-spread, barren, and desolate; the herbage scant, grey stones peeping up here and there, interspersed with wreaths of snow; the wintry day was drawing to its close, and the setting sun descending rapidly behind red and purple clouds: soon night would close up the scene; when I was startled by perceiving an individual coming towards me, then another, and another—numbers. My breath came short and thick, my heart beat until I could scarcely bear its throbbing. Oh! surely one of the dreadful mobs was approaching; a rescue of the prisoners had been spoken of. What would become of me? My protector, it was true, was close behind; but what could his single arm avail, even with the help of his servant, against a multitude? A few more anxious moments, and then I laughed at my

premature terror. The supposed rioters proved to be short stumpy trees, which dotted the skirt of the common; the delusion was curious, for after passing some quite close again, I fancied groups of persons were rapidly nearing me. The rest of my journey was comparatively smooth. At "The Bustard" I was supplied with good horses and an excellent driver. The face of my escort I never saw; but at each change of horses or stoppage at inns, I perceived, by the glare of the lamps, the shadow of a vehicle following on my track; nor did I lose the sense of protection until I was safely housed at the "White Hart," at Bath; precisely at ten o'clock, we reached that hotel. I had not left the carriage for seventeen hours, and was, as may be supposed, completely exhausted in body and mind. I neglected to let down the glasses of the carriage-windows, and sat quietly, not comprehending the delay, and not until they had knocked repeatedly could I understand the cause which prevented the door being opened. I then alighted, and walked into a parlour, desiring the postilion to follow me; but my brain swam, I could not calculate his fare; my purse lay on the table, but I could not see clearly; the man waited with looks of compassion. I tottered to a seat, and, for the moment, knew not where I was. When a little revived, I desired him to pay himself, and I subsequently found he was correct to a penny. I was then conducted to an excellent bed-chamber in that comfortable old inn. I cannot express the comfort and satisfaction I experienced, the sense of perfect security, the warmth, shelter, and relief from responsibility, so precious after so many anxious hours.

When I had returned my grateful thanks to the Almighty, who had conducted me safely through the day, I lay down determining to remain awake to listen to the cheerful sounds in the hotel, and enjoy my rest; but in a very short time my eyelids were sealed in profound slumber; nor did I awaken until a loud knocking at my door warned me it was time to rise.

At seven I was called. I desired to breakfast at my home. The carriage, though seemingly heavy, was in reality quite light—the trunks nearly empty. The horses, full of play, appeared to fly along the road. We accomplished the twelve miles in an hour, and then, soon was I welcomed by a sweet and loving face, and strained in a warm embrace.

How wise is the ordination that futurity is hidden from our knowledge! Little did I anticipate, that before I should revisit the scene of my late residence, death should have removed the dear young friend on whose society we had reckoned as a chief source of gratification; that I was myself to suffer from a severe attack of the dreaded disease, which ere long was destined to sweep the land; that, when we were permitted to return, it was for a short time only—the country was too unsettled for ladies to reside in, unprotected. My second visit to Salisbury proved even less auspicious than the first; for it chanced on the very day of the frightful riots at Bristol, to which place we were proceeding. We were detained at Salisbury three months, residing in the Close, really not knowing whither to go; and during that period of suspense and terrible anxiety for dear friends in imminent peril, one night of great alarm I cannot but mention; for through the long hours of darkness, the streets were patrolled by bodies of armed men—special constables, with white paper slips round their hats—a general rising of the mob being expected. But gradually the excitement subsided, and the passing of the Reform Bill, if it did not fulfil the visionary hopes of some, disappointed the fears of others, and proved the beginning of a new era of prosperity and safety to our beloved country.

* I was never again so fortunate as to meet this noble-hearted gentleman. He died comparatively young, but highly respected and beloved by all who knew him. Should this statement of his kindness to an unknown individual meet the eye of any relative or friend, the portrait will be easily recognised.